

*Foole.* She's e'ne setting on water to scald such Chickens as you are. Would we could see you at Corinth.  
*Ape.* Good, Gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Foole.* Look you, heere comes my Masters Page.

*Page.* Why how now Captaine? what do you in this wife Company.

*How dost thou Apemantus?*

*Ape.* Would I had a Rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Boy.* Prythee Apemantus read me the superscription of these Letters, I know not which is which.

*Ape.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.

*Ape.* There will little Learning dye then that day thou art hang'd. This is to Lord Timon, this to Alcibiades. Go thou was't borne a Bastard, and thou't dye a Bawd.

*Page.* Thou was't whelp'd a Dogge, and thou shalt famish a Dogges deare.

*Answer not, I am gone.*

*Exit*

*Ape.* Ene so thou out-runst Grace,  
*Foole.* I will go with you to Lord Timons.

*Foole.* Will you leave me there?

*Ape.* If Timon stay at home,

*You three serue three Vsurers?*

*All.* I would they seru'd vs.

*Ape.* So would I:

*As good a trick as euer Hangman seru'd Theefe.*

*Foole.* Are you three Vsurers men?

*All.* I Fooles.

*Foole.* I thinke no Vsurer, but ha's a Foole to his Seruant. My Mistis is one, and I am her Foole: when men come to borrow of your Masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry: but they enter my Masters house merrily, and go away sadly. The reason of this?

*Var.* I could render one.

*Ape.* Do it then, that we may account thee a Whoremaster, and a Knaue, which notwithstanding thou shalt be no lesse esteemed.

*Varro.* What is a Whoremaster Foole?

*Foole.* A Foole in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit, sometime 't appears like a Lord, sometime like a Lawyer, sometime like a Philosopher, with two stones more then's artificiall one. Hee is verie often like a Knight; and generally, in all shapes that man goes vp and downe in, from fourescore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.

*Var.* Thou art not altogether a Foole.

*Foole.* Nor thou altogether a Wife man,  
*As much foolerie as I haue, so much wit thou lack'st.*

*Ape.* That answer might haue become Apemantus.

*All.* Aside, aside, heere comes Lord Timon.

*Enter Timon and Steward.*

*Ape.* Come with me (Foole) come.

*Foole.* I do not alwayes follow Louer, seldr Brother, and Woman, sometime the Philosopher.

*Stew.* Pray you walk enee,

*He speake with you anon.*

*Exeunt.*

*Tim.* You make me meruell wherefore ere this time

*Had you not fully laide my state before me,*

*That I might so haue rated my expence*

*As I had leaue of meanes.*

*Stew.* You would not heare me:

*At many leysures I propose.*

*Tim.* Go too:

*Perchance some single vantages you tooke,  
When my indisposition put you backe,  
And that vnaptnesse made your minister  
Thus to excuse your selfe.*

*Stew.* O my good Lord,

*At many times I brought in my accompts,  
Laid them before you, you would throw them off,  
And say you found them in mine honestie,  
When for some trifling present you haue bid me  
Returne so much, I haue shooke my head, and wept:  
Yea 'gainst th' Authoritie of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close: I did indure  
Not sildome, nor no slight checkes, when I haue  
Prompted you in the ebbe of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts; my lou'd Lord,  
Though you heare now (too late) yet nowes a time,  
The greatest of your hauing, lacks a halfe,  
To pay your present debts.*

*Tim.* Let all my Land be sold.

*Stew.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone,  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues; the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim, and at length  
How goes our reck'ning?

*Tim.* To Lacedemon did my Land extend.

*Stew.* O my good Lord, the world is but a word,  
Were it all yours, to giue it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone.

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Stew.* If you suspect my Husbandry or Falshood,  
Call me before th' exactest Auditors,  
And set me on the prooffe. So the Gods blesse me,  
When all our Offices haue bene oppress'd  
With riotous Feeders, when our Vaults haue wept  
With drunken spilt of Wine; when euery roome  
Hath blaz'd with Lights, and braid with Minstrelsie,  
I haue rery'd me to a wastefull cocke,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Prythee no more.

*Stew.* Heauens haue I said, the bounty of this Lord:  
How many prodigall bits haue Slaues and Pezants  
This night englutted: who is not Timons,  
What heart, head, sword, force, meanes, but is I. Timons:  
Great Timon, Noble, Worthy, Royall Timon:  
Ah, when the meanes are gone, that buy this praise,  
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast won, fast lost; one cloud of Winter showres,  
These flies are coucht.

*Tim.* Come sermon me no further.

*No villanous bounty yet hath past my heart;  
Vnwisely, not ignobly haue I giuen.  
Why dost thou weepe, canst thou the conscience lacke,  
To thinke I shall lacke friends: secure thy heart,  
If I would broach the vessels of my loue,  
And try the argument of hearts, by borrowing,  
Men, and mens fortunes could I frankly vse  
As I can bid thee speake.*

*Stew.* Assurance blesse your thoughts.

*Tim.* And in some sort these wants of mine are crown'd,  
That I account them blessings. For by these  
Shall I trie Friends. You shall perceiue  
How you mistake my Fortunes:  
I am wealthie in my Friends.  
Within there, Flaminus, Seruilius?

*Enter*

*Enter three Seruants.*

*Ser.* My Lord, my Lord.

*Tim.* I will dispatch you seuerally.

*You to Lord Lucius, to Lord Lucullus you, I hunted  
with his Honor to day; you to Sempronius; commend me  
to their loues; and I am proud say, that my occasions  
haue found time to vse 'em toward a supply of mony: let  
the request be fifty Talents.*

*Flam.* As you haue said, my Lord.

*Stew.* Lord Lucius and Lucullus? Humh.

*Tim.* Go you fir to the Senators;

*Of whom, euen to the States best health; I haue  
Deferred this Hearing: bid 'em send o'th instant  
A thousand Talents to me.*

*Stew.* I haue bene bold

*(For that I knew it the most generall way)*

*To them, to vse your Signet, and your Name,  
But they do shake their heads, and I am heere  
No richer in returne.*

*Tim.* Is't true? Can't be?

*Stew.* They answer in a ioynt and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want Treasure cannot  
Do what they would, are forrie: you are Honourable,  
But yet they could haue wish't, they know not,  
Something hath bene amisse; a Noble Nature  
May catch a wench; would all were well; tis pittie,  
And so intending other serious matters,  
After distastefull lookes; and these hard Fractions  
With certaine halfe-caps, and cold mouing nods,  
They froze me into Silence.

*Tim.* You Gods reward them:

*Prythee man looke cheerefully. These old Fellowes  
Haue their ingratitude in them Hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it sildome flowes,  
'Tis lacke of kindly warmth, they are not kinde;  
And Nature, as it growes againe toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the iourney, dull and heauy.  
Go to Ventidius (prythee be not sad,  
Thou art true, and honest; Ingeniously I speake,  
No blame belongs to thee: Ventidius lately  
Buried his Father, by whose death hee's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: When he was poore,  
Imprison'd, and in fearfull of Friends,  
I cleer'd him with fife Talents: Greet him from me,  
Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his Friend, which craves to be remembred  
With those fife Talents; that had, giue't these Fellowes  
To whom 'tis instant due. Neu'r speake, or thinke,  
That Timons fortunes 'mong his Friends can sinke.*

*Stew.* I would I could not thinke it:

*That thought is Bounties Foe;*

*Being free it selfe, it thinkes all others so.*

*Exeunt*

*Flaminus waiting to speake with a Lord from his Master,  
enters a seruant to him.*

*Ser.* I haue told my Lord of you, he is coming down  
to you.

*Flam.* I thanke you Sir.

*Enter Lucullus.*

*Ser.* Heere's my Lord.

*Luc.* One of Lord Timons men? A Guist I warrant.  
Why this hits right: I dreamt of a Siluer Bason & Ewre  
tonight. Flaminus, honest Flaminus, you are verie re-  
spectufully welcome sir. Fill me some Wine. And how  
does that Honourable, Compleate, Free-hearted Gentle-

man of Athens, thy very bouutifull good Lord and May-  
ster?

*Flam.* His health is well sir.

*Luc.* I am right glad that his health is well sir: and  
what hast thou there vnder thy Cloake, pretty Flaminus?

*Flam.* Faith, nothing but an empty box Sir, which in  
my Lords behalfe, I come to intreat your Honor to sup-  
ply: who hauing great and instant occasion to vse fiftie  
Talents, hath sent to your Lordship to furnish him: no-  
thing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Luc.* La, la, la, la: Nothing doubting sayes hee? Alas  
good Lord, a Noble Gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep  
to good a house. Many a time and often I ha din'd with  
him, and told him on't, and come againe to supper to him  
of purpose, to haue him spend lesse, and yet he wold em-  
brace no counsell, take no warning by my coming, eue-  
ry man has his fault, and honesty is his. I ha told him on't,  
but I could nere get him from't.

*Enter Seruant with Wine.*

*Ser.* Please your Lordship, heere is the Wine.

*Luc.* Flaminus, I haue noted thee alwayes wife.  
Heere's to thee.

*Flam.* Your Lordship speakes your pleasure.

*Luc.* I haue obserued thee alwayes for a towardlie  
prompt spirit, giue thee thy due, and one that knowes  
what belongs to reason; and canst vse the time wel, if the  
time vse thee well. Good parts in thee: get you gone fir-  
rah. Draw neerer honest Flaminus. Thy Lords a boun-  
tifull Gentleman, but thou art wife, and thou know'st  
well enough (although thou com'st to me) that this is no  
time to lend money, especially vpon bare friendship  
without securitie. Heere's three Solidares for thee, good  
Boy winke at me, and say thou saw'st mee not. Fare thee  
well.

*Flam.* Is't possible the world should so much differ,  
And we alieue that liued? Fly damned basenesse  
To him that worships thee.

*Luc.* Ha? Now I see thou art a Foole, and fit for thy  
Master.

*Exit L.*

*Flam.* May these adde to the number y may scald thee:  
Let moulten Coine be thy damnation,  
Thou disease of a friend, and not him selfe:  
Has friendship such a faint and milkie heart,  
It turnes in lesse then two nights? O you Gods!  
I feele my Masters passion. This Slaue vnto his Honor,  
Has my Lords meate in him:  
Why should it thrine, and turne to Nutrimet,  
When he is turn'd to poyson?  
O may Diseases onely worke vpon't;  
And when he's sicke to death, let not that part of Nature  
Which my Lord payd for, be of any power  
To expell sicknesse, but prolong his hower.

*Exit.*

*Enter Lucius with three strangers.*

*Luc.* Who the Lord Timon? He is my very good friend  
and an Honourable Gentleman.

*1.* We know him for no lesse, though we are but stran-  
gers to him. But I can tell you one thing my Lord, and  
which I heare from common rumours, now Lord Timons  
happie howres are done and past, and his estate shrinkes  
from him.

*Lucius.* Fye no, doe not beleue it: hee cannot want  
for money.

*2.* But beleue you this my Lord, that not long agoe,  
one of his men was with the Lord Lucullus, to borrow so  
many Talents, nay vrg'd extreemly for't, and shewed what